Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders; but aske mee not what. For if I tell you, I am not true *Athenian*. I will tel you euery thing right as it fell out.

Quin. Let vs heare, ſweete *Bottome*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete preſently at the Palace, euerie man looke ore his part: for the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferd. In any caſe let *Thisby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him that plaies the Lion, paire his nailes, for they ſhall hang out for the Lions clawes. And moſt deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for we are to vtter ſweete breath, and I do not doubt but to heare them ſay, it is a ſweete Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, and Philoſtrate.

Hip. Tis ſtrange my *Theſeus*, that theſe louers ſpeake of.

The. More ſtrange then true. I neuer may beleeue
Theſe anticke fables, nor theſe Fairy toies,
Louers and mad men haue ſuch ſeething braines,
Such ſhaping phantaſies, that apprehend more
Then coole reaſon euer comprehends.
The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One ſees more diuels then vaſte hell can hold;
That is the mad man. The Louer, all as frantick,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.
The Poets eie in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.
And as imagination bodies forth the formes of things
Vnknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to ſhapes,
And giues to airy nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such trickes hath ſtrong imagination,

That

That if it would but appr
It comprehends ſome brin
Or in the night, imagining
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppo

Hip. But all the ſtory o
And all their mindes trans
More witneſſeth than fan
And growes to ſomethin
But howſoeuer, ſtrange a

Enter louers: Lyſander,

Theſ. Here come the l
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy a
Of loue accompany your

Lyſ. More then to vs,
boord, your bed.

Theſ. Come now, wh
haue,
To weare away this long
Betweene or after ſuppe
Where is our vſuall man
What Reuels are in hand
To eaſe the anguiſh of a
Call *Philoſtrate*.

Philo. Heere mighty T

Theſ. Say, what abrid
What maske, what muſi
The lazie time, if not wi

Phil. There is a briefe
Make choiſe of which y

Theſ. The battell wi
By an *Athenian* Eunuch
Wee'l none of that. Tha
In glory of my kinſman
The riot of the tipſie *Ba*

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